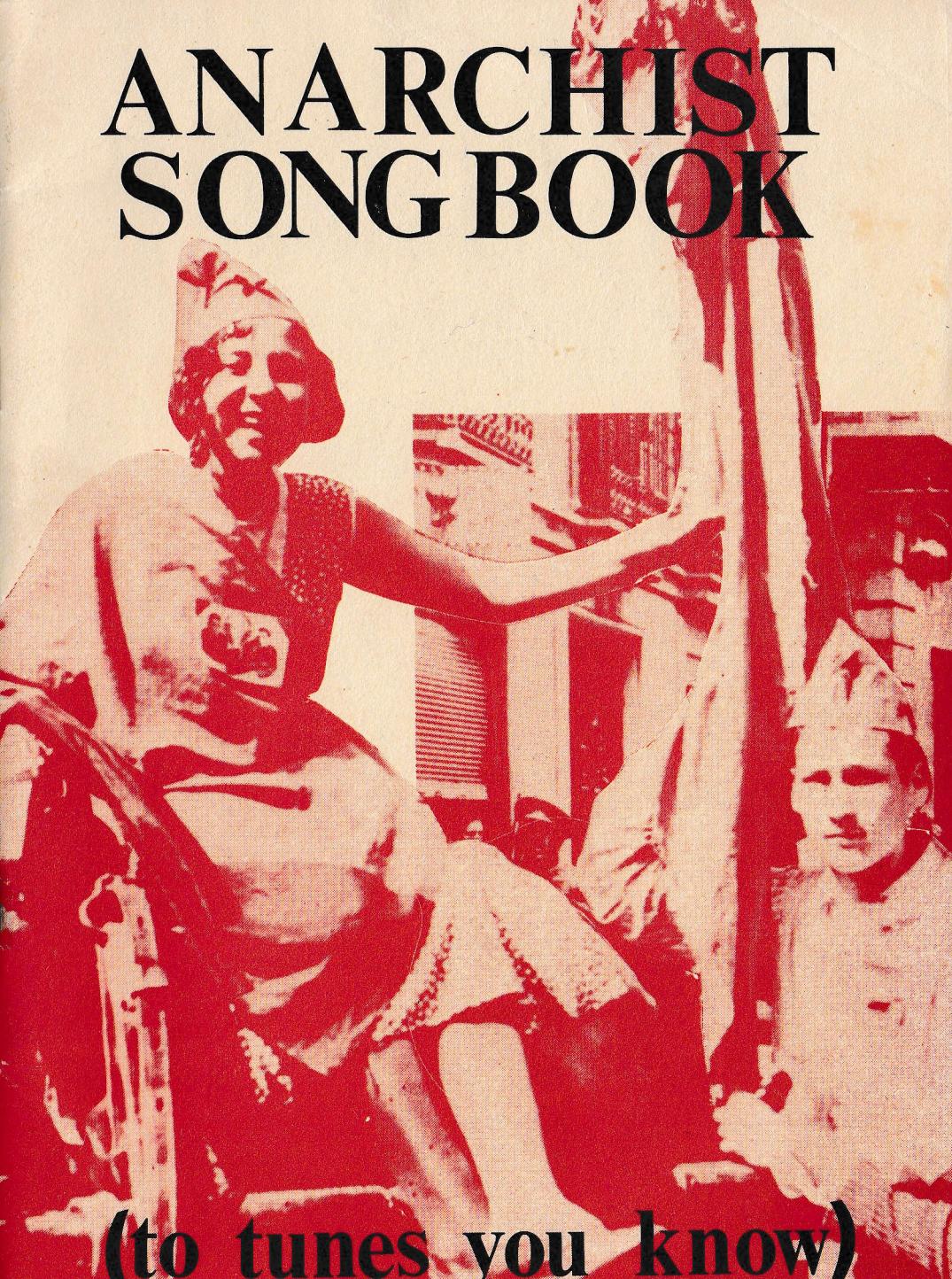


# ANARCHIST SONG BOOK



(to tunes you know)



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# **ANARCHIST SONGBOOK**

**[to tunes you know]**

**Compiled by South London Anarchist Group**

II

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## **Section One**

# **ANARCHISM**

### THE TORY'S SONG

(Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean)

A charming Conservative lady  
In a beautiful decorative hat  
When asked about sexual relations  
She said we must bring back the cat.

*Chorus:*

Beat them, bitch them,  
That is my passionate plea (said she)  
Beat them, birch them, for Tories want flogging you see.

The kitchen-sink school of playwriters  
Who use words like bloody and hell  
And queers and the long-haired pop-singers  
The rapists, and Papists as well.

*Chorus:*

The robbers, the heterosexuals,  
the people who live in the slums  
Most unofficial strikers  
and all the unofficial mums.

*Chorus:*

The sex fiends and all these highwaymen  
The people who pet in the park  
And what about lonely old ladies  
afraid to go home in the dark?

*Chorus:*

Anarchism! You must be demented  
I think you've got sex on the brain  
Masochism? That can be prevented  
Just give them a touch of the cane.

*Chorus:*

As for that cow Christine Keeler  
who sank Mister Macmillan's ship  
Profumo got off then too lightly  
Was the masked man the Government whip

### CHINESE C.P. BLUES

(Tune: Chinese Laundry Blues)

I know an old Stalin supporter  
Often wonders what he ought to do  
When Stalin is sung  
Because he swung  
to Mao-Tse-Tung  
He's got those kinda Stalin Chinese C.P. Blues.

Last generation

Was deviation

You get the smartest girls and many when you follow  
Marx & Lenin, Mao-Tse Tung  
Your praise is sung  
To get those kinda Stalin Chinese C.P. Blues.

### SHOOT 'EM ALL

(Tune: Bless 'Em All)

Shoot them all, shoot them all  
Shoot the long and the short and the tall  
Shoot all the bosses and  
Shoot all the cops  
Shoot all the bourgeois  
And burn down their shops.

'Cause we're saying goodbye to them all,  
As we line them up against the wall  
It's mass execution - the only solution  
So come on comrades  
Shoot them all.

### PURGE THEM ALL

(Tune: Bless Them All)

Purge them all, purge them all  
The Maoists are having a ball  
They're all wearing masks and  
They're in fancy dress  
'Cos if they act normal they'll get house arrest.

Purge them all! Purge them all!  
The long and the short and the tall  
Purge Lin Piao  
And Liu Shoi Chi  
Purge Madame Mao  
But please don't purge me.

For we're saying "Goodbye" to them all  
As we line them up against the wall  
A dead revolution is our contribution  
So cheer up comrades purge them all.

Following the death of Lenin, his great work was carried forward by his close comrade and disciple, J. V Stalin, who faithfully executed ~~fully~~ <sup>fully</sup> stop and developed his teachings until his own death in 1953.

**LEON TROTSKY**  
(Tune: Mickey Mouse)

Who's the leader of the clique  
Where factions never die  
L-E-O N-T-R O-T-S-K-Y  
Leon Trotsky  
(Remember Kronstadt)  
Leon Trotsky  
(And the Ukraine)  
Forever hold your ice-picks  
High! High! High!  
Now's the time to power climb  
Through the bureaucrac-i  
L-E-O N-T-R O-T-S-K-Y.

As the cross has become a symbol of adoration  
for the Christian so the ice-pick may  
become reverent for the followers of the 4th  
Internationals founder.

**TROT FACTION**  
(Tune: Ten Green Bottles)

One trot faction meeting in a hall  
One trot faction meeting in a hall  
And if one trot faction should start an ugly brawl  
There'd be two trot factions meeting in the hall.

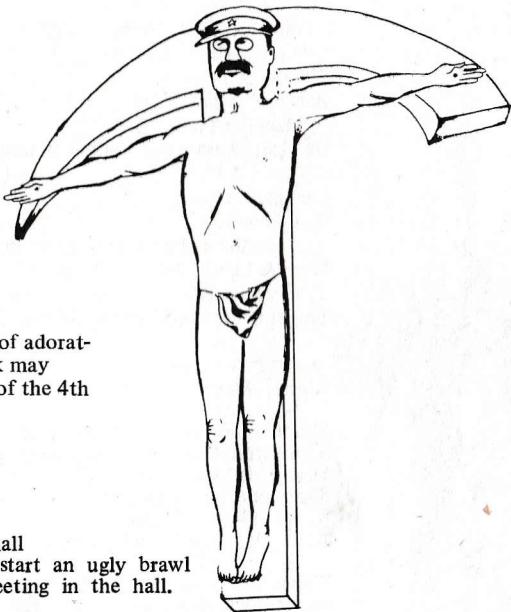
Two trot factions meetin in the hall  
Two trot factions meeting in the hall  
And if two trot factions should start an ugly brawl  
There'd by three trot factions meeting in the hall.

*REPEAT UNTIL SICK*

**NINETEEN TWENTY-ONE**

Mine eyes have seen the glory of nineteen twenty-one  
When Lenin quickly ended all the freedom just begun  
When he smashed the Kronstadt sailors  
With his bolshie lies and goons  
For the party's never wrong.

Glory glory pigs might fly  
Glory glory pigs might fly  
Glory glory pigs might fly  
For the party's never wrong.



**KRONSTADT TOWN**  
(Tune: I Belong to Glasgow)

*Chorus:*  
*I belong to Kronstadt, dear old Kronstadt town*  
*When there's a revolution, the party puts it down*  
*I'm only an anarchist worker, but I know where my sympathies lie*  
*I belong to Kronstadt, until the day I die.*

I belong to Kronstadt, Krondtadt there-on-sea  
We're gonna run the factories, and live in liberty  
Whenever I see a commissar, I cut 'em down to size  
If they come round here or anywhere near  
they're in for a big surprise!

*Chorus:*

I belong to Kronstadt, you might think that I'm dumb  
I still believe in Anarchy, freedom for everyone  
So fuck off Lenin and your gang and right up Trotsky too  
If you think we'll bow to dictatorship, you know what you can do!

*Chorus:*

I belong to Kronstadt, I'll tell you one more time  
Don't listen to the marxists, they'll have you down the mine  
And don't waste time with arguments, just run 'em out of town  
So don't forget – no don't you let those bastards grind you down.

**IF YOU KNEW TROTSKY**  
(Tune: If you Knew Suzy)

If you knew Trotsky like I knew Trotsky  
Oh Oh Oh what a guy  
He shoots pheasants or is it peasants  
Oh Oh Oh what a guy

If you ever meet him you better agree  
Or else he'll shoot you as a counter-revolutionary  
If you knew Trotsky like I knew Trotsky  
Oh Oh Oh what a guy

### **AN ARTS DEGREE**

(Tune: The Worker's Flag)

An arts degree! An arts degree!  
 Beats working in a factory.  
 A dip-ed! A dip-ed!  
 Means your children will be fed.  
 A law degree! Science degree!  
 Some day all this will be free.  
 Until that day just work to pass  
 And you may join the middle class.

### **PEOPLE'S UNI**

(TUNE: SUMMERTIME)

People's Uni and the livin' is easy  
 Dope is smokin' and the students are high  
 People starving in the third world countries  
 But hush little uni student....don't you cry.

One of these days you're gonna wake up  
 and realise  
 That a life exists outside of a university  
 But until that day comes – just keep writing  
 essays  
 And play being radical in the student union..

### **TIRED LITTLE RADICALS**

(Tune: Teddy Bear's Picnic)

If you go into the streets today  
 You'd better go incognito.  
 If you go into the streets today  
 You better not take I.D.  
 For every pig that ever there was  
 Is gathered there for certain  
 Because, today's the day  
 The people have their rally.

Rally time for radicals  
 The lovely radicals are having some fun today.

Soon they'll all go home  
 And watch themselves on T.V.  
 'Cause they're tired little radicals.

### **THE TIMES, THEY ARE REMAINING**

Come gather round people wherever you roam,  
 And admit that the whole revolution has blown  
 'Cause all we do now is sit round and get stoned  
 I'd be out in the streets but it's raining.  
 We once were together not now we're alone  
 And the times they are remaining.

Come writers and critics who speak with a pen  
 It's easier now, it was much harder then  
 'Cause you have to admit, you make more money when  
 You only need be entertaining  
 Write for Rolling Stone, Playboy and grab what  
 you can  
 Just what was the use of complaining

Don't worry congressmen, don't heed the call,  
 It was only a phase, it was nothing at all,  
 I look back on it now it's hard to recall  
 Why march up to a cop and get kicked in the cunt  
 If the times they are remaining.

The line it is drawn, the curse it is cast  
 The future's decided, the moment is passed,  
 It's sad to find we're completely outclassed  
 But the efforts too much for sustaining,  
 Take everything easy sit back on your arse  
 For the times they are remaining.



**IRISH YOGA**

**I'M NOT GONNA BE RIPPED OFF**  
(Tune: Botany Bay)

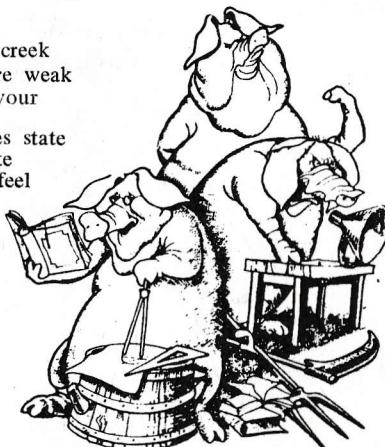
I've been ripped off by Liberals and Laborites  
Been ripped off by Communists too  
Been ripped off by Maoists and Trotskyites  
I'm not gonna be ripped off by you.

**LOCK YOUR WINDOWS – BOLT YOUR DOORS**  
(Tune: Drover's Dream)

Lock your windows, bolt your doors  
For you've caused too many wars  
You can shove your empires up your bloody arse  
(bloody arse)  
There's one war for which we'll die  
And that battle's drawing nigh  
To liberate the prisoners of class.

The wrong one's are in jails  
You're the hammer we're the nails  
You've driven us too far in with your cash  
(with your cash)  
But now we'll show our hand  
It's the symbol of our stand  
It's a clenched fist and it's coming  
For to smash.

Now you're really up shit creek  
We'll show the world you're weak  
You can only hide behind your  
Bosses laws (Bosses laws)  
For we'll smash your bosses state  
And you turds will emigrate  
Or your bloody balls will feel  
The worker's claws.



**WHEN THE PEOPLE HAVE BURST THEIR CHAINS**  
(Tune: When Johnny Comes Marching Home)

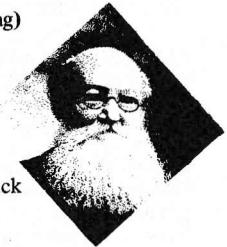
When the people have burst their chains at last  
Horrah! Horrah!  
The golden age will have come to pass  
Hoorah! Hoorah!  
No child will starve and no soldier die  
And we'll all be free beneath the sky  
And no kings will rule when  
The people have burst their chains.

When the workers begin to organise  
Hoorah! Hoorah!  
The boss will be in for a big surprise  
Hoorah! Hoorah!  
With workers hearts and worker's arms  
We'll seize the factories and the farms  
And we'll all be free  
When the workers have organised.



**THE RED AND THE BLACK**  
(Tune: Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag)

Fight all oppression with the red and the black  
Be free! free! free!  
End all injustice with the red and the black  
Be free! free! free!  
What's the use of property?  
To aid the bourgeoisie So!  
Seize all the factories with the red and the black  
Be free! free! free!



### WHAT WILL WE DO WITH THE DECADENT BOURGEOIS

(Tune: What Will We With a Drunken Sailor)

What will we do with the decadent bourgeois  
What will we do with the decadent bourgeois  
What will we do with the decadent bourgeois  
Come the revolution

Stuff their arse with stocks and shares  
stuff their arse with stocks and shares  
stuff their arse with stocks and shares  
Come the revolution

What will we do with the priests and generals  
What will we do with the priests and generals  
what will we do with the priests and generals  
Come the revolution

Shoot them with their ammunition  
Shoot them with their ammunition  
shoot them with their ammunition  
Come the revolution

What will we do with the coppers and screws  
What will we do with the coppers and screws  
What will we do with the coppers and screws  
Come the revolution

Salt and pepper and put 'em in a stew  
Salt and pepper and put 'em in a stew  
Salt and pepper and put 'em in a stew  
Come the revolution.

What will we do with the bitter misogynists  
What will we do with the bitter misogynists  
What will we do with the bitter misogynists  
Come the revolution

Eighty hour week in a tampon factory  
Eighty hour week in a tampon factory  
Eighty hour week in a tampon factory  
Come the revolution.

**HURRAY POWER TO THE WOMEN**  
**HURRAY POWER TO THE WOMEN**  
**HURRAY POWER TO THE WOMEN**  
**COME THE REVOLUTION.**

### OH WHEN THE STATE BEGINS TO FALL

(Tune: When the Saints Come Marchin' In)

Oh when the state begins to fall  
Oh when the state begins to fall  
Oh lord I want to be in there looting  
Oh when the state begins to fall.

Oh when the church gets smashed to bits  
Oh when the church gets smashed to bits  
Oh lord I want to be in there desecrating  
Oh when the church gets smashed to bits.

Oh when the police get totally annihilated  
Oh when the police get totally annihilated  
Oh lord I want to be there laughing  
Oh when the police get totally annihilated.

### THERE'S NO GOVERNMENT LIKE NO GOVERNMENT

(Tune: There's no business like Show Business)

There's no government like no government  
Like no government I know  
Everything about it is appealing  
Everything about it is just great  
Nothing like that fabulous feeling  
When you are living without the state

There's no government like no government  
Like no government I know  
nah  
Let's smash up the State



**WOULD YOU LIKE TO SWING BY A ROPE**  
(Tune: Would you like to Swing From a Star)

**CHORUS:**

*Would you like to swing by a rope  
Busted for vagrancy or dope  
Or taking potshots at the new pope  
Or would you rather be a pig  
Mmm would you rather be a pig.*

A pig is an animal without any brains  
A fascist so callous and cruel  
He just takes orders when he puts us down  
While the rich keep ripping off the whole damn town  
Don't you believe that he's your friend  
He'll only bust you in the end, yeah  
He'll help them make you bend.

**CHORUS:**

*Or would you rather swing by a rope  
Busted for vagrancy or dope  
Or taking potshots at the new pope  
Or would you rather be a screw, oo  
would you rather be a screw.*

A screw is a parasite who sucks us of blood  
As nasty and vicious as the pig  
He loves to torture the prisoner's mind  
This prison system is the real crime  
They bash and gas them in their cells  
Cause suicide from sheer hell Yeah  
And tell the public lies as well.

**CHORUS:**

*Or would you rather swing by a rope  
Busted for vagrancy or dope  
Or taking potshots at the new pope  
Or would you rather be a rat  
Mmm would you rather be a rat.*

Continues on next page.....

Continued from previous page

A rat is a dirty shit  
Who squeals on his friends  
And throws in his lot with police state  
He sets up, frames up, creates terrors  
He's the state's own agent provocateur.  
Or else they aim to be great stars  
In Hollywood or Canberra mmm  
And drive around in fancy cars Yeah  
And be the first to land in Mars.

**CHORUS:**

*Or would you rather swing by a rope  
Busted for vagrancy or dope  
Or taking potshots at the new pope  
Busted for vagrancy or dope  
Or would you rather be an ape, I mean guerilla  
Or would you rather be an ape, I mean an ape urban guerrilla  
Or would you rather be an ape.*

**IN SPAIN**

In Spain there's a valley called Jarama  
Where they fought in the days of my youth  
The fellow travellers had better be silent  
I'm about to tell you the truth

It was there that they smashed our collectives  
And they put down the workers who rose  
And they plundered Spain's free reconstruction  
And betrayed us to Fascistic foes.

Who committed these terrible actions  
And to Spain's revolution dismay  
Why the treacherous Communist Party  
And it's internal friction brigade.

I shall never trust ex-party members  
Who committed this treason in Spain  
Oh! I hope every worker remembers  
For the bastards would do it again

### THE BLACK FLAG (Tune: O Tannenbaum)

The only flag we fly is Black  
So take that betrayed Red one back  
We care not what names you call us  
Or stamp your feet or make a fuss

We are the ANARCHISTS my friend  
And we will fight until the end  
A "Worker's State" is just the same  
As any other power-game

It does not matter who you are,  
Priest, Bourgeoisie, or Commissar,  
If you think we'll follow you  
Then you know what you can do...

We seek no master, we're not slaves  
We'd rather be FREE in our graves  
Than bend the knee or bow the head,  
We want the bakery not the bread.

No marriage laws do we observe  
"Free Union" is our preserve  
We need no licence when we love  
From Church, or State, or God above.

In ways of sexuality,  
unbiased our morality,  
Uninhibited we do proclaim:  
We like it all-ways just the same...

Please don't think us disorganised  
The things we do you'd be surprised  
But we've no time for Party-jinx  
or hierarchy, all that stinks!

In groups of strong affinity  
We base our solidarity  
And freely do we federate  
So one and all participate.



### THE BLACK FLAG (Tune: O Tannenbaum)

**SENSURROUND**  
*In*

The people's flag is deepest black  
Red flags are just for autocrats  
The worker's state is just a way  
To let the revolution fade away

#### CHORUS:

*So raise our blackest banners high,  
The people live, only leaders die  
The working class will smash the state  
We'll shoot the vanguard while we wait.*

Let's smash US/USSR Imperialism –  
Let's fight all ghosts and monsters too  
Leftist leaders would rather see  
A good slogan than a real victory.

#### CHORUS:

Lenin, Stalin, Mao & Trotsky still  
Forgive us if we're feeling ill  
The working class won't kiss your arse  
The worker's state is just a farce.

#### CHORUS:

People's army, people's war  
People's police and people's laws  
You'll protect the worker's state  
Till workers cease to agitate.

#### CHORUS:

Who are the people you talk about  
Power to yourself we have no doubt  
You just ride on the worker's gains  
**BUT WE WANT MORE THAN A CHANGE OF CHAINS**

#### CHORUS:

## LA CUCARACHA

*Chorus:*

*La Cucaracha  
La cucaracha, la cucaracha,  
Grab a rifle everyone  
If land and freedom don't inspire you,  
Maybe marijuana can.*

Rich folks say with much derision  
That the peasants all lack vision  
Lousy scum in rags and tatters  
But the central army scatters.

*Chorus:*

They grow maize around El Paso  
They make fine cloth those Saltillans  
They tan leather in Chihuahua ...  
In Mexico City they make millions.

*Chorus:*

In the year we took the mine works  
How the Yankees made contrition ...  
When they couldn't buy our labor  
Ay they bought our politicians.

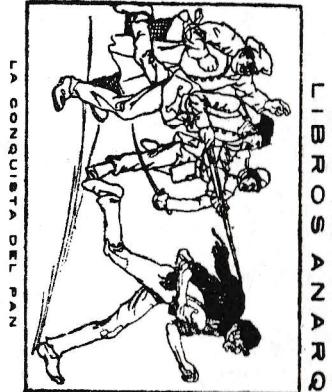
*Chorus:*

Swear an oath to the alcalde  
Many rifles he is wearing ...  
If we break into his armoury  
We can break the oaths we're swearing.

*Chorus:*

When we've burned the great cathedral  
We will make the revolution ...  
If please God we prove successful  
Priests will give us absolution.

Continues on next page.....



*Chorus:*

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Continued from previous page

Caballeros do not fear us  
Raise the rent of your peones ...  
The last landlord who came near us  
Lost his courage and cojones.

*La cucaracha, la cucaracha,  
Grab a rifle everyone  
If land and freedom don't inspire you,  
Maybe marijuana can.*



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## Section Two

# SEXUALITY

### MENSTRUATION BLUES

Dedicated to the NSW female Builder's Labourers  
who were in the process of getting menstruation allowances  
before the NSW Builder's Labourers were disbanded  
by the maoist Victorian Builder's Labourers.

*Chorus:*

*I've got the menstruation blues  
I've got the menstruation blues  
I've got the menstruation blues  
And I've got 'em so hard  
I don't know how to loose them*

I can feel my life blood flowing  
A 'flowing down the drain  
I can feel my life blood flowing  
A 'flowing down the drain  
And the hardest thing to face  
That next month it's all goin' to happen again.

*Chorus:*

Toxic Shock Syndrome

I got a pain in my guts  
And my head is spinning around  
I got a pain in my guts  
And my head is spinning around  
I feel like the lowest kind of animal  
Crawling on the ground.

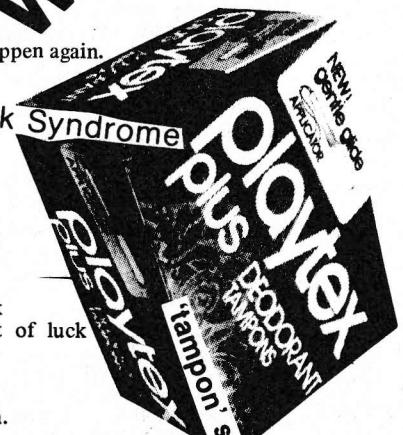
I can't chuck - I can't even fuck  
Honey this thing has put me out of luck  
I've got the menstruation blues  
I've got the menstruation blues  
And I've got 'em so hard  
I don't know how to loose them.

No-one wants to mouth around that fishy old smell  
Lordy I'm so lonely I feel like hell  
I've got the menstruation blues  
I've got the menstruation blues  
And I've got 'em so hard  
I don't know how to loose them.

I had to spend my dope money  
On a bunch of fanny rags  
I spend my dope money on a bunch of fanny rags  
I tell you this thing is getting to be one  
Hell of a drag.

*CHORUS:*

WARNING



shock syndrome,

## UNION MAID

There once was a union maid  
She never was afraid  
Of guards and ginks and company finks  
Or deputy sheriffs who made the raids.  
She went to the union hall  
When a meeting it was called  
And when the legion boys came round  
She always stood her ground.

### CHORUS:

*Oh you can't scare me  
I'm stickin' by the Union  
I'm stickin' by the Union  
I'm stickin' by the Union  
No you can't scare me  
I'm stickin' by the Union  
I'm stickin' by the Union  
Till the day I die.*

She went to the picket line  
One morning just at nine  
And the guards and ginks and company finks  
Came skipping through the morning dew  
They had their clubs and guns  
They had their knives and bombs  
They stood as still as if they're dead  
When she jumped up and said:

### CHORUS:

*When the union boys they seen  
This pretty little union queen  
Stand up and sing in the deputy's face  
They laughed and yelled all over the place.  
And you know what they done?  
These two-gun company thugs  
When they heard this union song,  
They tucked their tails and run:*

### CHORUS :

We modern union maids  
Are also not afraid  
To walk the line  
Leave jobs behind  
And we're not just the Ladies' Aide  
We fight for equal pay.  
And we will have our say  
We're workers too, the same as you  
And fight the union way.

### CHORUS:

*Continues on next page.....*

Continued from previous page

Don't call us 'dear' or 'honey'  
Or 'little lady' sonny  
We're women free with dignity,  
No cutie playboy bunny  
But neither are we men,  
So listen once again:  
If you call us 'brother'  
We'll call you 'mothah' -  
Sister is the name!

### CHORUS:



## SHAMELESS HUSSIES

(Tune: Dixie)

We're shameless hussies, and we don't give a damn  
We're loud and raucous and we're fighting for our rights  
For our sex, and for fun, and we're strong.

Men call us names that are nasty and rude  
Like lesbian, manhater, bitch and prostitute  
What a laugh, for half of it's true.

The fragile, docile image of our sex must die  
From centures of silence we are screaming into action.

We're shameless hussies, and we curse and we swear,  
We'll be free, beware of those who disagree  
Come and sing, we will fight, we will win.

## GAY SERA SERA

When I was just a little girl  
I asked my mother, what would I be  
Would I be gay or would I be straight?  
Here's what she said to me.

Gay Sera, Sera,  
Whatever will be, will be  
The future's not ours to see  
Gay sera, sera.

When I was just a child in school  
I asked my teacher what lies ahead  
Will I be gay or will I be straight?  
She said it's in your head

Gay sera, sera,  
Whatever will be, will be  
You might as well start with me  
Gay sera, sera...what will be will be

Now I have sisters of my own  
We all discuss the choices we made  
Hetero, homo, auto or bi  
Seems that it's all the same.

Gay sera, sera  
Whatever will be will be  
It's all sexuality  
Gay sera, sera, what will be will be  
DORIS DAY FOR ME....



## TIRED OF FUCKERS

When I'm walking down the street  
And every man I meet  
Says 'Baby ain't you sweet....'  
I could scream  
But although those guys are sick  
And think only of their prick  
It ain't sweet I feel  
I just feel good and mean.

*CHORUS:*  
*They whistle at me like a dog*  
*And make noises like a hog*  
*Heaven knows they sure got problems I agree*  
*But their problems I can't solve*  
*'Cause my sanity's involved*  
*And I'm tired of fuckers fucking over me.*

When I'm trying to take a walk  
And some guy says he wants to talk  
And my way proceeds to block  
I get real sore  
'Cause although I talk real fine  
That ain't what is on his mind  
I'm just a pretty piece  
That he's trying to score.

*CHORUS:*  
When I'm on my way to work  
And I'm confronted by some jerk  
Who's got some obscene quirk he must display  
Though I know that guy is ill  
I can't help but want to kill  
Every other man who's standing in my way.

*CHORUS:*

Now I knew that life is rough  
And to be a man is tough  
But I have had enough  
And I can't ignore  
That their masculinity  
Just don't respect my right to be  
And I solemnly do swear  
I'm going to war.

*CHORUS:*

Continues on next page.....



Continued from previous page

So I sing this song in hope  
That you won't think it's a joke  
'Cause it's time we all awoke  
To take a stand  
We've been victims all our lives  
Now it's time we organised  
To fight we're gonna need each others help.

**SAUSAGES & MASH**  
(Tune: Click Go the Shears)

Down in the kitchen  
The little missus stands  
With lovely lemon liquid  
On her rough reddened hands  
In come the kids saying "Mummy can I have..."  
Hey, Susy's in the bathroom  
And she's drinking from the lav."

**CHORUS:**  
*Clash go the kids, mum,  
Bash, smash, crash!  
Life is carried on  
With the sausages and mash  
She's living in a circus,  
Where she doesn't really fit  
And she curses female destiny  
That's put her in the shit.*

In comes the boozer  
The kids are getting fed  
"Turn up the telly!  
Get those bloody kids to bed!"  
Bolts down his snags and says,  
"How about some sex?  
Wait a minute, dearie,  
As she reaches for the Bex

**CHORUS:**



**TIME TO TAKE A STAND**  
(Tune: Clementina)

In the UK, in the UK  
Where abortion is a crime,  
You can die of septicaemia  
Yes, it happens all the time.

In the city, there's a doctor,  
And he's making lots of dough  
But there's women out there crying  
'Cause they can't afford to go.

There are others out there frantic  
Where the welfare workers go  
Have the baby - it won't hurt you,  
And she quietly suicides.

In a sweet church on a green hill  
Father Joseph saves a soul  
While he's praying for a foetus  
Another woman's dead and cold

Foetus lovers, foetus lovers,  
Can't you see the life you save,  
Grow into a little baby,  
Bashed and battered while you rave!

I'm a woman and my body  
Must remain for me alone  
Throw your fucked laws out the window  
My decisions are my own.

Contraception and abortion  
Are just rights that we demand  
Contraception and abortion  
Women, time to take a stand.



## DIAHORREA

(Tune: How do you Solve a Problem like Maria)

It comes across you quickly when you take a morning walk  
You wonder if the cause of it was that ten day old pork  
You feel that up your arsehole you would like to shove a cork  
Diahorrea's not an asset to the arsehole  
I'd like to say a word on it's behalf!

Then say it sister Diahorretta!  
Diahorrea makes me fart.

Oh! How do you solve a problem like Diahorrea?  
How do you stop your stomach going round?  
How do you keep the faeces in your rear?  
How do you keep your dacks up off the ground?

When my tummy is confused and I'm gushing out the poos  
Which have very nearly almost filled the can  
Then I wish my jobs were done  
For I'm funning short of bum  
And regret that I'd become a licorice fan  
It's a bother - drives you wild  
Plague to woman man and child  
It's headache! It's a guts ache!  
It's a shit!  
Oh! How do you solve a problem like Diahorrea!  
How do you stop your stomach going round?



## JOYCE

From a very early age it was easy to see  
That Joyce didn't fit into society  
She didn't date boys and she didn't drink coke  
She just stayed at home and cried over Bridget Bardot

Her family said it was easy to see  
She suffered from Sexual Deviancy,  
Respectable members of the community  
Suggested she try psychiatry.

But Joyce knew she was right  
Maybe just a little uptight  
But she would show them with all her might  
And turn into the biggest superdyke they had every seen.

So one day all her pretence just got to be a bore  
So she left all her hair on the barber-room floor  
She threw out cock-rock records which had drove her insane  
And instead settled back and listened to Lavender Jane.

Her consciousness was growing at an amazing rate  
She was learning words especially castrate  
All this confidence was starting to show  
It's about time her mother should know.

She said Mum I'm speaking to you just as a friend  
Your daughter is now a raving, craving beautiful lesbian.  
Well mom just stood there didn't know what to say  
For twenty-one years she'd been dreading this day  
Joyce just stood there didn't know what to think  
And kept watching mum break the dishes in the sink.

## BUT

A little while later Mum gave her a call and  
Out of the closet she got Radcliffe Hall .  
She said Joyce it wasn't done in 1928  
When I met your father I was trying to escape  
Now I think I've left it a little too late  
But I'm glad you not copping the same fate  
I've put up with for twenty-five years.  
Thanks Mum.

## LESO NATION MASTURBATION

We went to the conference to talk with our friends,  
Instead we copped all the feminist lesbians  
And they were giving us a hard time  
Asking what our hard line was  
I said I have a hills hoist in my backyard  
And that's all I'm committing myself to at this time.

We were just sitting there not doing what we should,  
And they got into serious stuff like love and sisterhood  
So they pulled nasty faces  
Then they tried to chase us  
Out of the joint into the cold night air  
I'm beginning to see that sisterhood just ain't fair.

You don't like us because we won't conform  
And wear your butch-dyke uniform,  
I think this is the end we don't mean to offend,  
Any of the ladies that think it's crass,  
It's just a case that we've been there and done that.

*1st  
CHORUS:  
Well, we don't care if you ostracise us,  
Just don't try to politicise us  
Your lesbian nation's just one big masturbation.*

*2nd  
CHORUS:  
Well, we don't care if you ostracise us  
Just don't try to politicise us  
Your lesbian nation's just one big hallucination  
Get fucked you tight arse turds!*

## DISARM RAPISTS



## SMASH SEXISM

## THE GOOD OLD DOUBLE STANDARD

That good old double stand, raise it high, raise it high  
That flag of sexist attitudes let it fly, oh let it fly  
This army has two sets of rules depending on your sex  
So you better do what the General says or else he'll have your necks.  
If the boy experiments with sex he's a young buck brave and bold  
If the young girl does exactly that she's a slut, a tramp, a moll  
Male and female are viewed differently by society's every eye  
So raise the good old double standard high!

Did you ever hear of a pack of women trying to rape a man  
Did you ever see a woman pinch a man's bum in a tram?  
No, these are male prerogatives not available to dames  
And to make sure that it stays that way is the double standard's aim.

This flags a glorious symbol of women's weaker need  
Her body's built for birth not for vicarious sexual greed  
She's the victim, she's the passive, she's the gender that's confined  
So raise the good old double standard high.

When it comes to contraception the male is never to blame  
Forget to take your pill – your child's a bastard with no name.  
It's his normal, natural needs that makes him crave your body  
So - your sexual freedom is enslaved again and yet again.

And they call you prude or frigid if you ever dare say no.  
The double standard says that all wives crave a marital rape  
And their feeble protestations they're excuses to escape  
Are just standard feminine come-ons to kindle his desire  
So raise the good old double standard higher.

If it's him who's worked so hard and he's not feeling the best  
Then none of your black negligees will coax him from his rest  
There are no male brothels when a woman's need is great  
And the double standard teaches women cannot masturbate.  
So if you've looked after the kids all day, it's cooking, washing too  
And he comes home with a sexual need he'll just overpower you  
You're meant to tremble with excitement as he unzips his fly  
So keep the double standard flying high.

That good old double standard raise it high, raise it high  
That flag of sexist attitudes – let it fly, oh let it fly  
There are just two ways about it for everything you do  
And you'll never know what hold sexual attitude has on you.

You women never ever see the tyranny of men  
Your sexual freedom is enslaved again and yet again  
In everything to do with sex your life is one big lie  
So raise the good old double standard high high high  
So raise the good old double standard high high high  
So raise the good old double standard high high high  
So raise the good old double standard high high high

MARXIST-FEMINIST CONFERENCE  
(Tune: Chatanooga Choo Choo)

Pardon me girls  
Is this the international conference?  
Be there at nine, to get the Marxist line  
You'll get the surplus value theory  
at a quarter past nine.  
Objective reality will be redefined.

Dialectics in the diner  
Nothing could be finer  
Than to discuss dogma  
With the correct liner.

Ain't it just great  
To be a first class fellow traveller?  
No flies on me  
I've got my PhD

Caviar and Capital  
In 4 Star Hotels  
Gee, the revolution  
Sure is feeding us well!  
Working class is sinking  
Vanguard keeps on drinking  
Marxist you're productive,  
If you just sit there thinking.



OUTSIDE OF A SMALL CIRCLE OF FRIENDS

Look outside the window, there's a woman being grabbed,  
they've dragged her to the bushes, and now she's being stabbed.  
Maybe we should go out there and try to stop the pain,  
but monopoly is so much fun, I'd hate to blow the game.  
And I'm sure it wouldn't interest anybody,  
outside of a small circle of friends.

Riding down the highway, yes my back is getting stiff,  
thirteen cars are piled up, they're hanging on a cliff,  
maybe we should pull them back with our towing chain,  
but we gotta move, and we might get sued, and it looks like its gonna rain  
and I'm sure it wouldn't interest anybody,  
outside of a small circle of friends.

Sweating in the ghetto with the coloured and the poor  
the rats have joined the babies who are sleeping on the floor  
now wouldn't it be a riot if they really blew their top  
but they've got too much already, and beside we've got the cops,  
and I'm sure it wouldn't interest anybody,  
outside of a small circle of friends.

Oh, there's a dirty paper, using sex to make a sale  
the supreme court was so upset, they sent him off to jail,  
maybe we should help the pain, and take away his fine,  
but we're busy reading playboy and the sunday new york times,  
and I'm sure it wouldn't interest anybody,  
outside of a small circle of friends

Smoking markhuana is more fun than drinking beer,  
but a friend of ours was captured, and they gave him thirty years,  
maybe we should raise our voices, ask somebody why,  
but demonstrations are a drag, beside we're much too high,  
and I'm sure it wouldn't interest anybody,  
outside of a small circle of friends.

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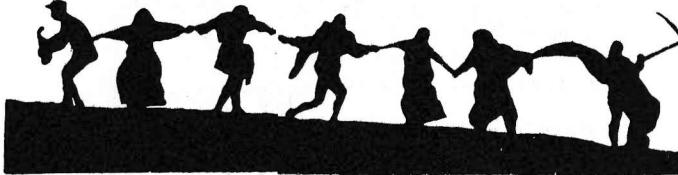
Oh, look outside the window, there's a woman being grabbed,  
they've dragged her to the bushes, and now she's being stabbed,  
maybe we should go out there and try and stop the pain,  
but monopoly is so much fun, I'd hate to blow the game,  
and I'm sure it wouldn't interest anybody,  
outside of a small circle of friends.

**SMOKE GETS IN YOUR LUNGS**  
(Tune: Smoke gets in Your Eyes)

They asked me how I knew my carcinoma was true  
I of course replied something  
here inside cannot be denied  
They said sometimes you'll find  
all who smoke don't choke  
But when your tongue's on fire  
from the weird desire  
Smoke gets in your lungs.

So I chaffed them and I wryly laughed  
to think that they could doubt my cancer  
Yet today my cancer grows apace –  
I am without my lung.

Now crying friends deride  
laughs I cannot hide  
– laughing ending in cough and spit  
So I smoke and say  
When a butt but burns – smoke gets in your lungs.



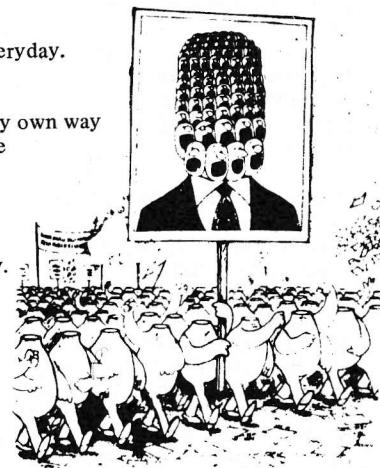
**BIG BROTHER**  
(Tune: On Broadway )

Big brother tells us  
That we are free  
To live our life our way.  
But all the time we must do everything  
That he says  
We're hypnotised by TV and bright lights  
To think it's OK  
If we get acceptance then we'll be happy  
And comfortably gay.

Forget about plunder and murder and rape  
Done in the name of this liberal state  
This system so fucked  
It just can't liberate anyway.  
Ignore the fact that it's founded on hate  
Cancer and madness is all it creates  
To die a slow death is everyone's fate  
Straight or gay.

To be equal with pigs  
Cost a price I'm not willing to pay  
For the comfort of a few  
The oppression of a few  
The oppression of many everyday.

If it's status quo,  
then I'll rock the boat in my own way  
For what has the state done  
But hate me all my life  
Because I'm gay  
Yeah the powers that be  
Will only fuck over me  
Whether I'm straight or gay.



## NOTHING SONG

January nothing  
February nothing  
March and April nothing  
May and June Lots of nothing  
JULY NOTHING

August nothing  
September nothing  
November, December nothing  
January and February lots of nothing  
March and April nothing

Monday nothing  
Tuesday nothing  
Wednesday and Thursday nothing  
Friday and Saturday nothing  
Sunday lots of nothing

Reading nothing, writing nothing  
even arithmetic nothing  
the world's great books  
a great set of nothing  
noddly and big ear nothing.

Fucking nothing, sucking nothing  
flesh and sex nothing  
masturbation, pedestry  
fellatio less than nothing  
cunnilingus nothing

Bakunin nothing, kropotkin nothing  
marx and engels nothing  
Leon trotsky lots of nothing  
stalin LESS THAN NOTHING

Vodka nothing, mandrax nothing  
whisky and heroin nothing  
marijuana lots of nothing  
lysergic acid nothing

NOTHING NOTHING NOTHING NOTHING  
NOTHING NOTHING NOTHING NOTHING  
NOTHING NOTHING NOTHING NOTHING  
NOTHING NOTHING NOTHING NOTHING



## THE BOSSES DARLING

Now come along down to the factory  
The production line is turning  
If you work all day for the minimum pay  
God knows what you'll be earning  
Get stuck in when you arrive  
To keep your family alive  
At the end of the week you'll just survive  
To be the bosses darling.

Your patience and dexterity  
He's endlessly adoring  
He says you're suited to the job  
Which means the job is boring  
You think you're earning equal pay  
But he has found a million ways  
To keep you at the bottom of the heap OK  
Cause you're the bosses darling.

The boss he loves you well, you bet  
He knows that you'll be loyal  
You're a breeding ground for the working man  
and a resting place from toil  
You have no time for the union  
You leave that kind of thing to men  
You're a second-class worker and a mother hen  
That's why you're the bosses darling.

Well, come along down to the factory  
We'll keep you on your toeses  
There's lots of unemployment now  
So don't look down your noses  
There's shift work here and shift work there  
What you do with your family's your affair,  
'Cause if you don't like it, there's plenty more  
To be the bosses darling.

## **Section Three**

# **ELECTRO-FASCISM & GAOLS**

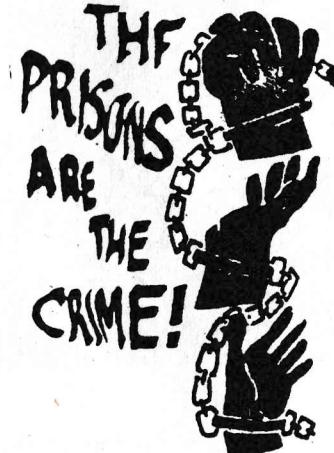
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### **IF THEY COME FOR YOU IN THE NIGHT**

If they come for you in the night  
Then they will come for me in the morning  
So we must stand together and fight  
We don't need no other warning  
I am finished with sitting on the fence  
To fight is my best defence  
I'll find you when the walls fall.

If they break your mind in jail  
Then they will break my heart in passing  
So we must struggle on win or fail  
'Cause it's us they're bashing and gassing.  
Revolution is just pie up in the sky  
Here in hell we only fry  
I'll find you when the walls fall.

We can hear you crying at night  
No matter where they build their Katingals  
Can you hear us demanding the right  
To raise the jails, let the prisoners mingle  
Utopia is not around the bend  
But I'll be damned I will not bend  
I'll find you when the walls fall.



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## HELEN'S SONG

Helen just sittin' down  
To wing a song of you  
To sing a song of your strength  
Of the power bubbling through  
To sing a song of your laughter  
Of your sorrow and your pain.

### Chorus:

*Helen just sittin' down  
To sing a song of you  
To sing a song of your strength  
Of the power bubbling through  
To sing a song of your laughter  
Of your sorrow and your pain  
To sing a song of your anger  
Your struggles and your gains.*

I remember you in the street  
In the discussions  
The slip of your feet  
I remember you at the vigil  
The sleepless nights  
To go on  
In the dancing  
In the prancing  
In the courthouse  
Of the boss  
Inside the prison walls  
Far into the country halls  
We feel the loss  
We feel the loss

But everytime that  
the streets are blocked  
The nights are seized  
And the clocks are stopped  
Everytime a challenge stirs  
Cement glistens and  
The alley cats purr  
Everytime the ripples rise  
The growling grows  
And the crazy eyes  
Turn their gaze past  
The glittering tawdry prize  
And focus  
On the frauds  
We're asked to live

This song is about Helen Golding, a radical lawyer, in Sydney Australia, who was tragically killed in a car accident in the late seventies. She is sorely missed by many people, especially those on the fringes, that she helped.



Continues on next page.....

Continued from previous page

Every time a spray-can hand  
A clenched fist  
A growing ragged band  
Shake the state  
And make the bourgeois quake  
I think we'll hear you  
In the crowd.

Every time the caged one cry  
The boldening sisters  
Patriarchs defy  
Bars wither  
And the stone walls crack  
Our rulers shiver  
And their thugs  
And screws turn back  
Deros dance and sing  
Workers refuse the sack  
Kids laughter shatters  
The cathedral bells  
Monuments to greed  
And exploitation felled  
I think we'll hear you  
In the crowd  
I think we'll hear you  
In the crowd.

CHORUS



**WE'RE THE SQUATTERS ARMY!**  
 (Tune: My Old Man's A Dustman)

*Chorus:*  
*We're the Squatters Army  
 We're the Won't Pay Rent Brigade  
 We smoke marijuana  
 And we like getting laid.*

Have you heard about us?  
 If not, you will you bet  
 Because the Sunday Mirror  
 Ain't seen nothing yet.

We piss out of windows  
 We shit on the floor  
 We shoot up in lavatories  
 Ain't that what they're for?

We don't work in factories  
 We don't work in a store  
 We don't work in offices  
 We don't work at all.

We've got lice and scabies  
 Crabs and bedbugs too  
 We only take our clothes off  
 When we want to screw.

We're all on multiple doles  
 It's that that gives us hope  
 The money that they send us  
 Pays for all our dope.

We'll beat up your grandad  
 'Cos we're a load of thugs  
 We won't even notice  
 'Cos we're all high on drugs

We laze around like idle rich  
 Let others rub and scrub  
 The only one who gets our bread  
 Is the landlord in the pub.

*Chorus.*



**WHO CARES ABOUT THE HUMAN RACE**  
 (Tune: "Hernando's Hideaway")

I know a place where we can find,  
 Uranium for us to mine,  
 Australia is just the place  
 Who cares about the human race! ole!

Exploit it now before it's banned  
 The media is in our hand  
 The public are quite easily sold  
 They only know what they are told. ole!

*CHORUS:*  
*Dollars, dollars, dollars, dollars and cents  
 We'll sell uranium to France or Uncle Sam  
 Dollars, dollars, dollars, dollars and cents  
 Think of all those nuclear reactors in Japan.  
 Dollars, dollars, dollars, dollars and cents  
 There's just one question and the answer isn't sure:  
 Where to store the waste for more than half a million years.*

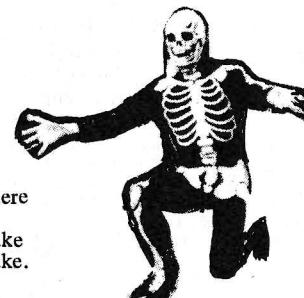
The government co-operates,  
 With those that we have learned to hate,  
 The corporates control our fate,  
 Unite, we must stand up and fight...ole!

Dollars, dollars, dollars, dollars and cents  
 At bargain basement prices for Australia's friends,  
 Dollars, dollars, dollars, dollars and cents  
 We know whose pockets get the profits in the end  
 Dollars, dollars, dollars, dollars and cents  
 But the question that we can not let them think they can ignore,  
 Is where to store the waste for more than half a million years.

*REPEAT FIRST VERSE.*

**SILENT NIGHT**

Silent night, deadly night  
 All is calm, all is bright  
 Burnt out bodies everywhere  
 Radiation filling the air  
 Somebody's made a mistake  
 Somebody's made a mistake.



## ROCK AND ROLL URANIUM

(Tune: Let me Have More Rock n Roll Music)

*Chorus:*

*Just let me have some more nuclear power reactors  
And other destructive factors,  
We're gonna dig it for the money  
So we can have more power honey  
Gotta be nuclear power, if you wanna have half a nose.*

We'd like to help the aborigines,  
It's just that there're too damned hard to please,  
Why can't they live just like you and me,  
In a social democracy.

*Just let me have some more nuclear power reactors  
And other destructive factors,  
We're gonna dig it for the money  
So we can have more power honey  
Gotta be nuclear power, if you wanna have liquid eyes.*

We're gonna mine it cos it's good for the kids,  
Although the working class will all bit in bits,  
But that's OK we've got our medical kits,  
We'll give shock treatment to all the misfits.

*Just let me have some more nuclear power reactors  
And other destructive factors,  
We're gonna dig it for the money  
So we can have more power honey  
Gotta be nuclear power, if you wanna have no head.*

We're gonna make 80,000 more bombs  
We're gonna drop them on the bloody comms,  
We're gonna rip their bloody bones to bits  
There're just a pack of hysterical shits

*Just let me have some more nuclear power reactors  
And other destructive factors  
We're gonna dig it for the money  
So we can have more power honey  
Gotta be nuclear power, if you wanna drop down dead.*

## OH YOU FUCKERS

(Tune: Oh Carol)

*CHORUS:*

*Oh no, no, no, no,  
Oh no, no, no, no,  
Oh no, no, no, no,  
Oh you fuckers, you phalo-centric murderers,  
We might even have to shoot you,  
'Cause you're profit-minded psychopaths*

You killed so many thousands at Hiroshima,  
And now you seem to think that was not enough  
You're telling us lies and you're leading us on.  
You're gonna kill us all with your nuclear bombs,  
You're poisoning the world and you don't even care,  
Don't think you're gonna miss out on the blood and despair.

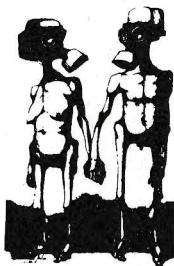
You can bash us at Glebe Island and at White Bay too,  
You can bring in your stooges but that just won't do,  
We'll throw out Bjelke and Fraser too,  
We're gonna make it right before we're through,  
The power of the people is very strong,  
We're not gonna have a police state for very long.

You can ban street marches but we'll still organise  
You've got control of education - we'll politicise  
Look out Utah - you'll go so fast  
When the workers united get the profits at last  
We'll smash Bjelke's right-wing state  
We just can't wait for your destined fate.



## WHO'S NEXT?

Well we got the bomb,  
But that was good,  
Cause we love peace and motherhood,  
Then Russia got the bomb,  
But that's O.K.,  
Cause the "balance of power's" maintained that way.  
Who's next?  
France got the bomb, but,  
Don't you agree they're on our side,  
Or so I believe  
China got the bomb but,  
Have no fears,  
They can't wipe us out for least five years  
Who's next?  
Then Indonesia claimed that they,  
are gonna get one any day,  
South Africa wants two, that's right,  
One for the black and one for the white  
Who's next?  
Egypt is going to get one too,  
Just to drop on you-know-who,  
So, Israel is getting tense,  
Want's one in self-defence,  
the Lord's our shepherd say the psalm  
But just in case, you better get a bomb,  
Who's next to go?  
Luxembourg, or maybe even Monaco,  
We'll Try and stay serene and calm,  
When Queensland gets the bomb.



## WE WILL ALL GO TOGETHER WHEN WE GO

A survival hymn by Tom Lehrer

When you attend a funeral  
It is sad to think that sooner or later  
those you love will do the same for you  
And, you may have thought it tragic  
Not to mention other adjec-  
tives to think of all the weeping they will do –  
But don't you worry  
No more ashes, no more sack cloth  
And an armband made of black cloth  
Will some day never more adorn a sleeve  
For if the bomb that drops on you  
Gets your friends and neighbours too  
They'll be nobody left behind to grieve  
And we will all go together when we go.

We will all go together when we go  
What a comforting fact that is to know  
Universal bereavement and inspiring achievement  
Yes, we all will go together when we go.

We will all go together when we go  
All infused with an incandescent glow  
No-one will have the indurance  
To collect on their insurance  
Lloyds of London will be loaded  
When they go.

Oh we will all fry together when we fry  
We'll be french fried potatoes bye and bye  
There will be no more misery  
When the world is our rotisserie  
Yes, we will all fry together when we fry.

Down by the old maelstrom  
There'll be a storm before the calm  
And we will all bake together when we bake  
There'll be nobody present at the wake  
With complete participation  
In that grand incineration  
Nearly three billion hunks of well done steak.

Oh, we will all char together when we char  
And let there be no moaning of the bar  
Just sing out a tedium when you see the ICBM  
And the party will be come dressed as you are.

**Continued from previous page**

Oh, we will burn together when we burn  
There'll be no need to stand and wait your turn  
When it's time for the fallout  
And St. Peter calls us all out  
We'll just drop our agendas and adjourn.

You will all go directly to your respective Valhallas  
Go directly do not pass go do not collect 200 dollars.

And we will all go together when we go  
Every Hotentot and every eskimo  
When the air become uranious  
We will all go simultaneous

Yes we all will go together  
When we all go together  
Yes we all will go together  
When we go.

**HARD TIMES, LONG BAY BOYS**  
(Tune: Cottonmill Girls)

*Chorus:*  
*It's hard times Long Bay boys*  
*It's hard times Long Bay boys*  
*It's hard times Long Bay boys*  
*It's hard times everyday.*

When I die don't bury me at all  
Just hang my corpse on the dormitory wall  
And pickle my bones in alcohol  
It's hard times everywhere.

*Chorus:*

Oh, when I hear the visiting bell  
They don't know I've been going through hell  
All I want is to run with the wind  
It's hard times everywhere.

*Chorus:*

Everyday they dehumanize you  
They lock you up in a human zoo  
Oh, it's blood money  
Blood money my friend  
It will be your blood in the end.

*Chorus:*

**BALLAD OF HULL JAIL RIOT**  
(Tune: "The Wild Rover")

Come all you lawbreakers, I'll tell you a tale  
Of a glorious revolt that took place at Hull Jail.  
The month it was August of '76  
And the bullying screws had been up to their tricks.

*CHORUS:*

*And it's no, nay never, no never no more*  
*Will we stand for oppression, no never no more.*

It's there in the prison they forced them to toil

In a furniture factory known as "The Mill"  
The dust it was choking, too noisy to speak  
And the wages a fine 95 pence a week.

A prisoner named Clifford was attacked by four screws

For answering back to their taunts and abuse.  
When word got around what the warders had done  
A block full of prisoners united as one, and said....

*CHORUS:*

A hundred demanded the Governor to see  
but to talk about Clifford he wouldn't agree  
The prisoners got angry, the screws all took fright

And surrendered the building without any fight.

Now the prisoners in solitary were freed from their cells  
They broke down the doors and the windows as well

They got in the office and found all the files  
Where their lives were recorded in language so vile.

*CHORUS:*

Three days they took over that dreary old jail  
And they laughed and they sang as they knocked it to hell.

A million pounds worth of damage was found  
But they should have demolished it down to the ground.

*CHORUS:*

Continued from previous page

Those uniformed sadists, those boot-boys  
in blue,  
Their wages are paid for by me and by you.  
But one day the screws will all be unemployed  
On the day when the jails are shut down and  
destroyed.

## Section Four

# NO GOD, NO WAR, NO STATE ETC...

### McCAFFERTY

Now all young soldiers listen to me  
the story of McCafferty  
a dreadful tale I will relate  
be cautioned by my early fate  
barely 18 years of age  
into the Army I did engage  
I left my work with a good intent  
to join the 42nd regiment  
to Fullwood Barracks I did go  
to serve my time at that depot  
But my life their was misery  
my Captain took a great dislike to me  
on sentry duty one fine day  
some soldiers children came around to play  
from the officers quarters my Captain came  
and ordered me to take their parents name  
I took one name instead of three  
for neglect of duty my captain charged me  
across the square they escorted me  
to serve my time in cell block 3  
I did two weeks of packload drill  
instructors shouting kill, kill, kill.  
One thing they impressed on me  
that I must kill my enemy.  
With loaded rifle I did prepare  
to shoot my Captain across the square  
It was Captain Hammond I meant to kill  
but I shot the Colonel against my will  
To Preston Assizes they took me  
a hostile Judge and a bored jury  
The judge he said McCafferty  
Prepare to hang upon gallows tree  
I had no father to take my part  
I had no mother to break her heart  
I had one friend a girl was she  
Who laid her life down for McCafferty  
Now all young soldiers listen to me  
do your duty diligently  
learn all you can up on the Barrack ground  
and shoot the right bastards when the time comes 'round.



## UNEMPLOYMENT BLUES or WATCHCHAIN BLUES

I went up for my interview  
On the fourth day of July  
The personnel man he questioned me  
Until I nearly cried  
He made me fill in forms  
Until I shook with fear  
About the colour of my toilet roll  
And if my cousin's queer.

### CHORUS:

*Here's your gold watch  
And shackles for your chains  
And your piece of paper  
To say you've left here sane.  
And if you've a son  
Who wants a good career  
Just get him to sign on the dotted line  
And work for fifty years.*

He asked me how many  
Jobs I'd had before  
He nearly had a heart attack  
When I answered four  
Four jobs in twenty years  
This can never be  
We only take on men  
Who work until they die.

### CHORUS:

He took me outside to where  
The gravestones stood in line  
This is where we bury them  
In quicklime and in lime.  
And if you're going to work for us  
This you must agree  
If you're going to die  
Please do it during tea-break.

### CHORUS:

**Continues on next page.....**

## Continues

This story that I tell you  
It may seem rather queer  
But it is the truth  
You will be surprised to hear  
I wasn't asking for no  
Job upon the board  
I only wanted to take a broom  
And sweep the bloody floor.

### CHORUS:

## LIVING DEAD BLUES

Sell some pot, some smack, why not?  
They're selling uranium too  
They've got guns belted to their side  
To make it tough on me and you.  
A kick in the head  
Some teargas instead,  
Ah! they're rotten through and through.  
Men in blue will kill you too,  
If the boredom doesn't burst.  
They're in control,  
We're on the dole  
Ah! this mess is getting worse.

Woke up this morning  
Leave my bed  
Join the queue with the living dead  
Sick and tired of living in this filthy dirty muck  
Ah! They don't give a fuck!  
Tearing up the earth for money and greed,  
If we don't fight now they're going to succeed.

They'll kill ten thousand people,  
If it means a lousy buck  
Ah! They don't give a fuck!  
'Cos they're rotten through and through  
Yes rotten through and through.

## SIT DOWN

When they tie a can to a union man  
    Sit down! Sit down!  
When they give 'im the sack they'll take him back  
    Sit down! Sit down!  
  
Sit down, just take a seat,  
    Sit down! Sit down!  
Sit down and rest your feet. Sit down you've got 'em beat.  
    Sit down! Sit down!

When they smile and say, no raise in pay  
    Sit down! Sit down!  
When you want the boss to come across  
    Sit down! Sit down!

### CHORUS:

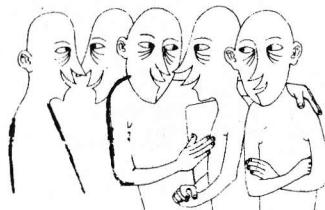
When the speed-up comes, just twiddle your thumbs  
    Sit down! Sit down!  
When you want 'em to know they'd better go slow  
    Sit down! Sit down!

### CHORUS:

When the boss won't talk, don't take a walk  
    Sit down! Sit down!  
When the boss sees that, he'll want a little chat  
    Sit down! Sit down!

### CHORUS:

*Sit down, just take a seat,  
    Sit down! Sit down!  
Sit down and rest your feet. Sit down you've got 'em beat.  
    Sit down! Sit down!*



## ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS!

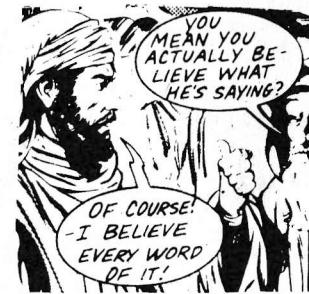
Onward, Christian soldiers! Duty's way is plain  
Slay your Christian neighbours, or by them be slain  
Pulpiteers are spouting effervescent swill,  
God above is calling you to rob and rape and kill,  
All your acts are sanctified by the Lamb on high;  
If you love the Holy Ghost, go murder, pray and die.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Rip and tear and smite!  
Let the gentle Jesus bless your dynamite  
Splinter skulls with shrapnel, fertilize the sod;  
Folks who do not speak your tongue deserve the curse of God.  
Smash the doors of every home, pretty maidens seize;  
Use your might and sacred right to treat them as you please.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Eat and drink your fill;  
Rob with bloody fingers, Christ okays the bill.  
Steal the farmer's savings, take the grain and meat;  
Even though the children starve, the Saviour's bums must eat.  
Burn the peasants' cottages, orphans leave bereft;  
In Jehovah's holy name, wreck ruin right and left.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Drench the land with gore;  
Mercy is a weakness all the gods abhor.  
Bayonet the babies, jab the mothers too;  
Hoist the cross of calvary to hallow all you do.  
File your bullets' nose flat, poison every well;  
God decrees your enemies must all go plumb to hell.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Blighting all you meet;  
Trample human freedom under pious feet.  
Praise the Lord whose dollar sign dupes his favoured race!  
Make the foreign trash respect your bullion brand of grace.  
Trust in mock salvation, serve as tyrants' tools:  
History will say of you : "That pack of God damn fools."



## HIPPIE SONG

I'm a vegetarian, I don't eat meat  
I'm so cool from my head to my feet  
I love the universe, I'm in harmony with the earth.

To get free, I smoke lots of dope  
To stay clean I use oatmeal soap  
Clean and free I can start to do my own thing.

I patch my jeans and I paint my face  
I don't like to run in the rat race  
So I go to the country 'cos it's such a far out place.

I drop lots of acid, go to the Park  
I love people, but I don't like narks  
I like to commune with nature in the parks.

## HARE GUMBOOT, HARE GUMBOOT

Hare Gumboot, Hare Gumboot  
Your salvation for a donation  
Have some incense, that'll be twenty cents  
How pecuniary is our loonery  
Our extensive bibliography  
Is more expensive than pornography.

Hare Gumboot, Hare Gumboot  
Your salvation for a donation.

This divine force you may now inhale  
Unless of course you are female

Hare Gumboot, Hare Love-In  
Hare Much Loot, Hare Nimbin

(Repeat indefinitely)

# Transcendence, Incorporated

KARMA COLA

## COME ALL YOU IDLE WORKERS

O come all you idle workers and listen to my song  
And if you pay attention I won't detain you long  
It's of a certain person who you see before you now  
I've turned me hand to writing songs, I mean to tell you how  
I never would have thought that I would take the poet's role  
But everything is different now, now I'm on the dole.

### CHORUS:

*Oh, we are the idle workers, the million unemployed.  
Our services aren't needed, our jobs have been destroyed.  
Some of us were sewing shirts, and some were digging coal,  
But everything is different now, now we're on the dole.*

### ALTERNATIVE CHORUS LINES:

*O come all you idle workers and join me in my song,  
The system puts us out of work, the system must be wrong,  
But things are going to alter when the workers take control  
And then we'll get together and put the bosses on the dole.*

*...We know that things won't change until the workers take control  
So why not have a little rest and live upon the dole.  
...So I'll do something useful while I'm living on the dole...etc.)*

I used to wake each morning, feeling really bad,  
The sound of the alarm-clock used to drive me mad,  
I didn't like the way the foreman ordered me around,  
And when it got to four o'clock my head was going round,  
The place I used to work in was a dirty little hole,  
But everything is different now, now I'm on the dole.

I used to have to go to work to get my daily bread,  
The dole was just for scroungers, that was what they said,  
But now the times are bad and unemployment's on the rise,  
They haven't got a job for me of any shape or size,  
I used to be a wage-slave and it drove me up the pole,  
But everything is different now, now i'm on the dole.

When I got home from work I'd start to grumble and to grouse,  
I used to leave me wife to do the work around the house,  
When I got me cards, I thought I'd live a life of ease,  
I shouted for me wife to bring me a in a cup of tea,  
But in she comes and tells me with a look as black as coal.  
"You know you'll have to do your bit, now you're on the dole".

I used to take the kids out every now and then,  
Now I've got the time to get to know 'em once again,  
I do a bit of housework so me wife can be more free,  
Complete me education in the public library,  
I've started writing poetry and I reckon on the whole  
Variety's the spice of life, when you're on the dole.

## Continues

The only disadvantage is, the money's pretty poor,  
I can't afford the sorts of things I used to buy before,  
We have to stick together now, and share the things we've got,  
I heard that Harry Hyams had to buy a bigger yacht,  
I met a former boss of mine, a most respected soul,  
He had to stand behind me in the queue to get the dole.

A man came around with leaflets, and told us not to shirk,  
He wanted us to demonstrate, demand the right to work,  
I told 'im it was clear to me the system's going wrong.  
But I thought I deserved a break, I'd been at work so long,  
Now I don't want the right to work in some old dirty hole,  
I'd rather take a holiday, now I'm on the dole.

## THE FOUR HOUR DAY

Tune: Old Black Joe

Gone are the days, when the master class could say,  
"We'll work you long hours for little pay;  
We'll work you all day and half the night as well."  
But I hear the workers' voices saying: "You will, like Hell!"

*Chorus:*

*We're going, we're going to take a four hour day.  
We surely will surprise the boss come First of May.*

Now workers, it's up to you to say  
If you want a general four hour day.  
As soon as you are ready, we are with you heart and hand,  
All you have to do is join our Union Grand.

*Chorus:*

Now working people, we are working far too long;  
That's why we've got this vast unemployed throng.  
Give every worker a chance to work each day;  
Let's join together and to the boss all say:

*Chorus:*

## HALLELUJAH, I'M A BUM!

Oh! why don't you work  
Like other folk do?  
Why should I work  
When I don't want to?

*Chorus:*

*Hallelujah, I'm a bum!  
Hallelujah, bum again!  
Hallelujah, give us a handout  
To revive us again.*

Oh why don't you save  
All the money you earn?  
If I did not eat  
I'd have money to burn.

*Chorus:*

Oh I like my boss  
He's a good friend of mine  
That's why I'm starving  
Out on the bread line.

*Chorus:*

I can't buy a job  
For I ain't got the dough  
So I ride in a box car  
For I'm a hobo.

*Chorus:*

Whenever I get  
All the money I earn  
The boss will be broke  
And to work he must turn.

*Chorus:*



## IT'S A LONG WAY DOWN THE SOUPLINE

(Tune: Tipperary)

Bill Brown was just a working man like others of his kind  
He lost his job and tramped the streets when work was hard to find  
The landlord put him on the stem, the bankers kept his dough  
And Bill heard everybody sing, no matter where he'd go.

### CHORUS

It's a long way down the soup line  
It's a long way to go  
It's a long way down the soup line  
And the soup is thin I know  
Goodbye, good old pork chops,  
Farewell, beefsteak rare,  
It's a long way down the soup line  
But my soup is there

So Bill and sixteen million people responded to the call  
To force the hours of labor down and thus make jobs for all  
They picketed the industries and won the four-hour day  
And organized a General Strike so men don't have to say:

### CHORUS:

The workers own the factories now, where jobs were once destroyed  
By big machines that filled the world with hungry unemployed  
They all own homes, they're living well, they're happy, free & strong  
But millionaires wear overalls and sing this little song:

### CHORUS:

## IN THE SWEET BYE AND BYE

Long-haired preachers come out every night  
Try to tell you what's wrong and what's right  
But when asked how 'bout something to eat  
They will answer with voices so sweet

### Main Chorus:

*You will eat, bye and bye  
In that glorious land in the sky  
Work and pray, live on hay  
You'll get pie in the sky when you die.*

And the starvation army they play  
And they sing and they clap and they pray  
Till they get all your coin on the drum,  
Then they will tell you, you are a bum

### CHORUS:

If you fight hard for children and wife  
Try to get something good in this life  
You're a sinner and bad man, they tell  
When you die you will sure go to hell.

### CHORUS:

Workingmen of all countries unite  
Side by side we for freedom will fight  
When the world and its wealth we have gained  
To the grafters we'll sing this refrain.

### LAST CHORUS:

*You will eat, bye and bye  
When you've learned how to cook and to fry  
Chop some wood, 'twill do you good,  
You'll eat in the sweet bye and bye.*

